

THE MILLVILLE ARMY AIR FIELD



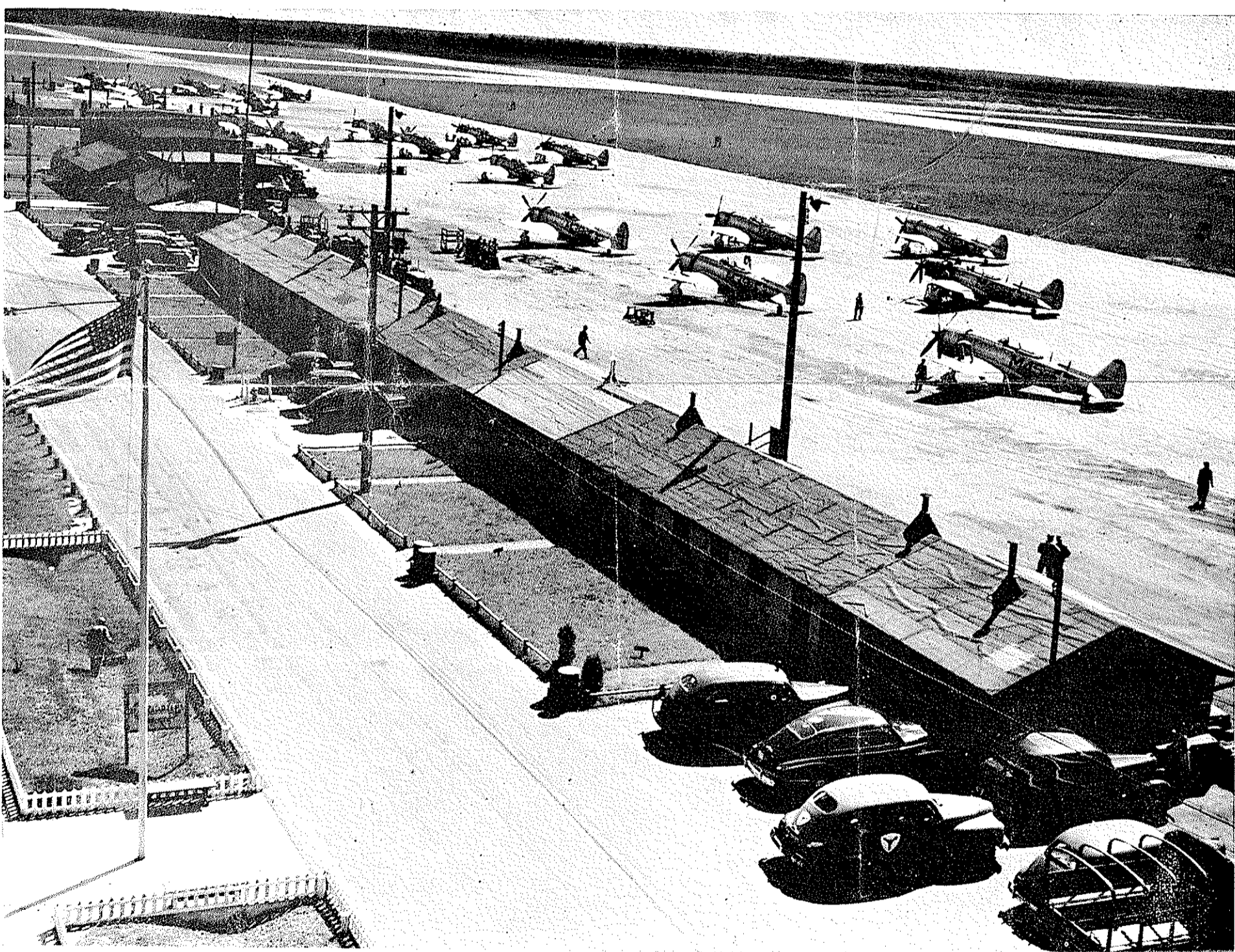
# Thunderbolt

Vol. II

MILLVILLE, N. J., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1945

No. XX

## FIVE STAR FINAL



**A**BOVE the silent runways now fringed with fallen Autumn leaves, songs sparrows and starlings soar. They flutter their wings in defiance at grounded mechanical imposters that for years trespassed with a mighty roar over their natural heritage. The pine woods yield slightly to gusts of chill winds, and wait in vain for the countryside to tremble before Thunderbolters dive-bombing among the trees.

No peals of laughter or song ring from the barracks. Empty bunks with name plates missing add to the penetrating nostalgia. Queues of soldiers standing before mess halls are gone. Pictures of wives and children, sweethearts, and exciting Varga girls are neatly stored in foot-lockers on which are emblazoned stickers of battlefields from El Alemein to Okinawa.

Everywhere soldier's hands are clasped in goodbyes. Frequently guards at the Main Gate examine trip tickets as another load of departing men pause before rumbling on.

In town, civilian friends and soldiers exchange notes and addresses. A gray-haired, motherly woman can be seen standing on her step hugging a young girl while her husband is standing with valise in hand ready to go. In the canteens lights are flickering before their inevitable blackout.

The pages of history are turning fast . . .

**I**N THE Fall of 1942 as an electrified world heard the news of Yanks landing on the sun-baked shores of Tunisia a khaki-clad clerk sitting somewhere in Pentagon building mechanically inscribed in the records of the Army Air Forces, "Millville Airdrome, Millville, New Jersey, activated this day as a P-47 Thunderbolt Gunnery Base under the jurisdiction of the First Air Force, Mitchel Field, Long Island."

Seen in the machine record section of the various continental commands specialty numbers peculiar to a single-engine fighter base were being assembled. Thereafter men began to arrive here. Tall, gaunt Texans smelled for the first time New Jersey air; square-jawed mountaineers from the border States queried townsfolk about the ocean they heard was nearby; rosy-cheeked, youthful pilots examined the planes they were to fly in and learn the art of triggerery. The heart and soul of America were gathering at Millville Airbase.

The days which followed saw a miracle of organization. The skies of Cumberland County were blackened with strangers who twisted and turned their aircraft with the ease of a hawk. Within hours these men passed on and others assumed their places in the clouds. And so it went on. Now and then reports would trickle back that the gaunt Texans, the square-jawed mountaineers, were somewhere over there, ripping the heart out of the enemy . . .

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Millville, New Jersey (Phone 1100, Ext. 71)

Published Bi-weekly by the Base Public Relations Office for the benefit of the military and civilian personnel of Millville Army Airfield.

COL. JOE L. MASON, Commanding Officer

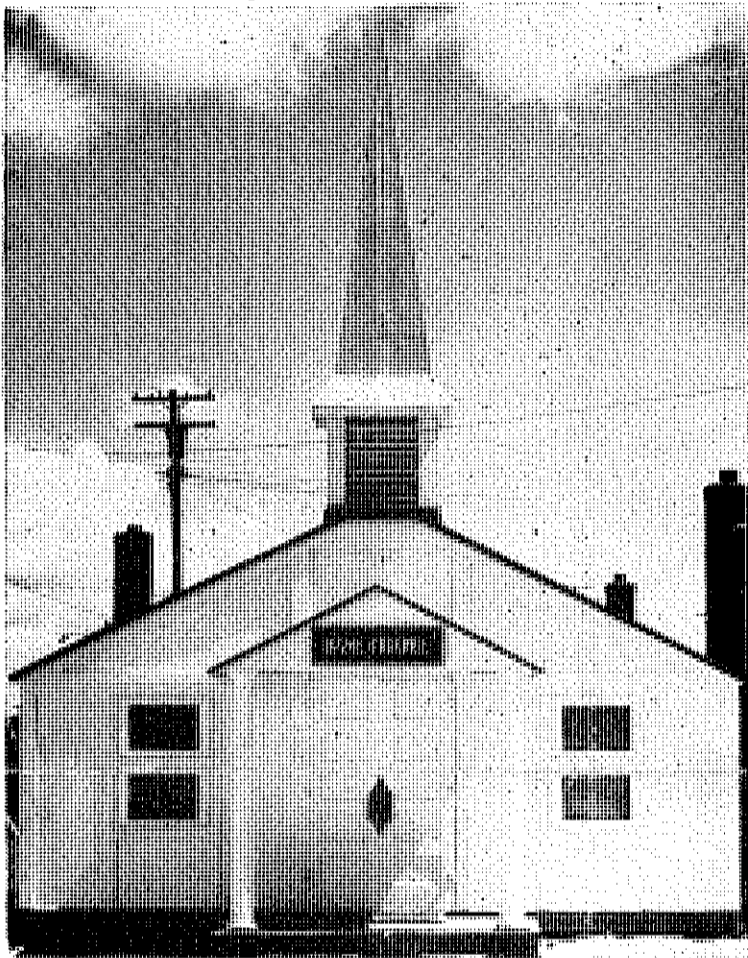
LT. SYDNEY R. NEMAROW Editor

(All Photos by Base Photo Laboratory Personnel)

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## HANDLE WITH CARE



## Base Winding Up All Activities as Dover Takes Over

On the social, administrative and property fronts feverish activities ensued during the fortnight. Everywhere "windup up" was the theme, and spiritually, at least, the Base was beginning to resemble a ghost town.

Last Friday night the brass hats went overboard on one long, last splash. Billy Eckstine, so-called ebony czar of jazz, motored down from Broadway with 17 of his finest. The music they made woke up the entire countryside, and were it not for the fact that we are on federal property it is a dead certainty the local gendarmes would have incarcerated the main stem hep cat.

### Under New Ownership

Dover Airbase now tells us that for the remainder of our swiftly flowing tenure we are under their jurisdiction. That should have happened in the days when we trimmed them in the interbase gunnery meets and everything else, as a matter of fact. But, let's not be bitter, boys...

The show is over, and there is no mistake about that. As a matter of fact there are even apartment vacancies being listed in all local newspapers. Let us all go out individually and lift a stein to dear old MAAF, and say, "Adios Muchachos."



Dear Editor:

I have been sweating out my discharge for weeks now, and still no dice. The best suggestion I can make is for each base to be authorized a few extra facilities, and then release their own personnel immediately without waiting for a quota from a separation center.

Signed,  
Cpl. L. N.

Dear Editor:

We understand that this is to be the last edition of Thunderbolt. Therefore, we are taking this opportunity of wishing you God speed in all your future undertakings. You have been a real good friend to the boys on the Base, and we appreciate it deeply. Whenever you go keep up the same spirit, and we know that you will certainly succeed.

Signed,  
Sgt. J. L.  
Pfc. K. L.  
Pfc. O. M.

Dear Editor:

Your article on the GI Loan was swell. It sure opened my eyes. My buddy and I were certain that we would be able to get enough money to start a garage, but you gave us an entirely new slant on the situation. We are now prepared for the worst. Maybe the law could be amended though, and somewhat liberalized.

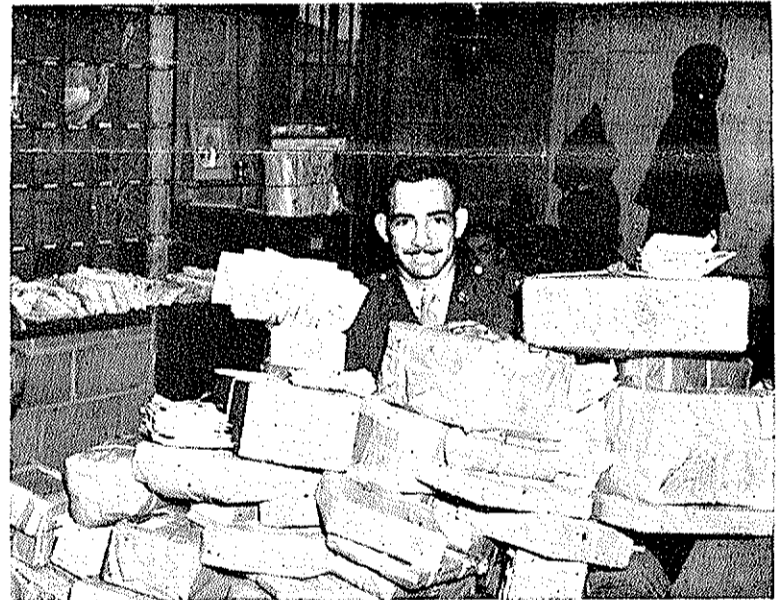
Signed,  
M/Sgt. K. H.

Dear Editor:

The series of articles on the problem of the vet were swell. Every paper in the country should pound away on that theme until each soldier gets his fair share of the new world. Thanks for thinking of us.

Signed,  
Lt. J. B.

## LAST CALL FOR MAIL



The best friend a GI ever had was the Postoffice Soldier.

FROM

## THE PULPIT

By Chaplain Horace M. King

### F-R-I-E-N-D-S

You could not have had them if you had not been assigned to Millville Army Air Field. You are much richer with them. You will happily cherish them. I mean the friends whom you have won at MAAF.



I did not say "found", for you actually had to do more than find them. You won them. So we all go away from Millville with a warmth of appreciation for our friends. We have more invested in them than we realize.

Our greatest achievement here probably has been the establishment of friendships. Let us check for ourselves. They helped make our happiest moments. They helped share our complaints and real difficulties. If deep sorrow came, they shook our hand with a genuine sympathy that made their silence

take meaning. When we were glad they smiled.

We cannot take our friends with us, but we can take memories of their friendship which will bless us through the years.

### Auld Lang Syne

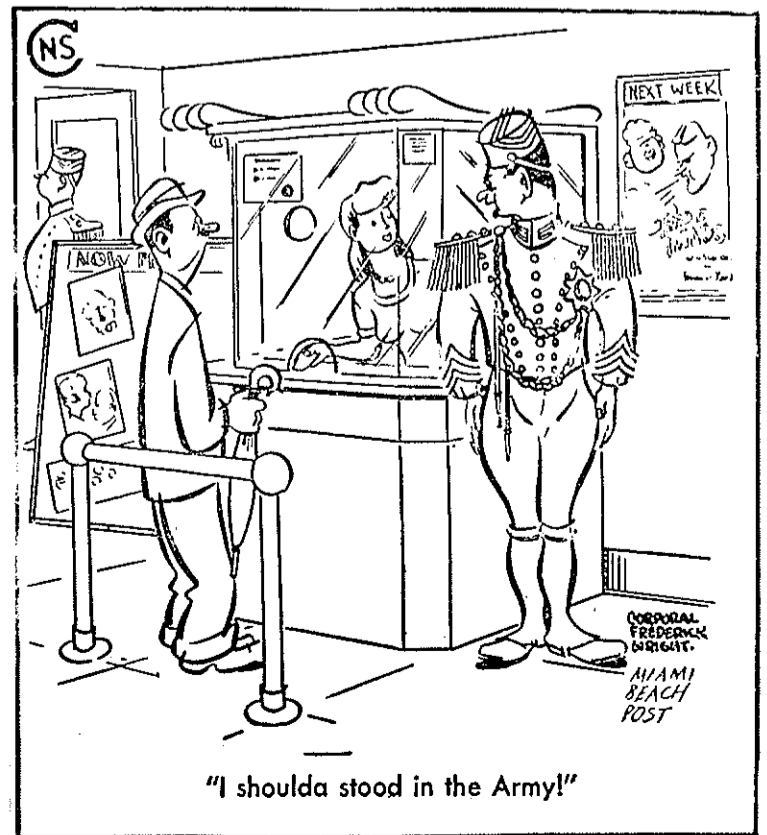
A friend is one who straightens your bunk for you when a thoughtless barracks-mate disturbs it just before inspection. He sees your name on the bulletin board and goes out of his way to tell you, lest you miss it. He has a good word to say for you when others see your faults. He remembers you in his prayers.

Your friend listens to you when the experiences which you relate are not fascinating, even when others walk away in disgust: he knows they are important to you. He has an interest in your family. When you have to tell someone you tell him and the secret is always his and yours. He helps you do your best. Then makes you happy because he shows how pleased he is and how he counted on you for your best.

You will miss your friends more than anything else from which you have to part in leaving here.

We shall miss each other for we have been friends. God bless and keep alive our best friendships.

## SEND THE THUNDERBOLT HOME



### Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

### Lid Kid

IF YOU WERE WONDERING WHAT THE GOVERNMENT IS DOING WITH SURPLUS WAR EQUIPMENT—SOME OF IT HAS GONE INTO WOMEN'S HATS... (So it seems)

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DON'T LET IT WORRY YOU TOO MUCH — there are plenty of chicks who believe it's better with your hat off!

THE HEADIE TALKIE (with microphone in handbag) ADDS DIGNITY TO A PICKUP...

-- LISTER BAG... with smudge pot inside it dries hair for the busy young thing...

WIND SOCK for the yappidy type...

ALL THOSE GAS MASKS — they'd fit better here than under the arm

FIGHTER PILOT'S RAFT for the giddy biddle...

RADAR SCOPE ADAPTED TO TELEVISION (watch game if game is a mess...)

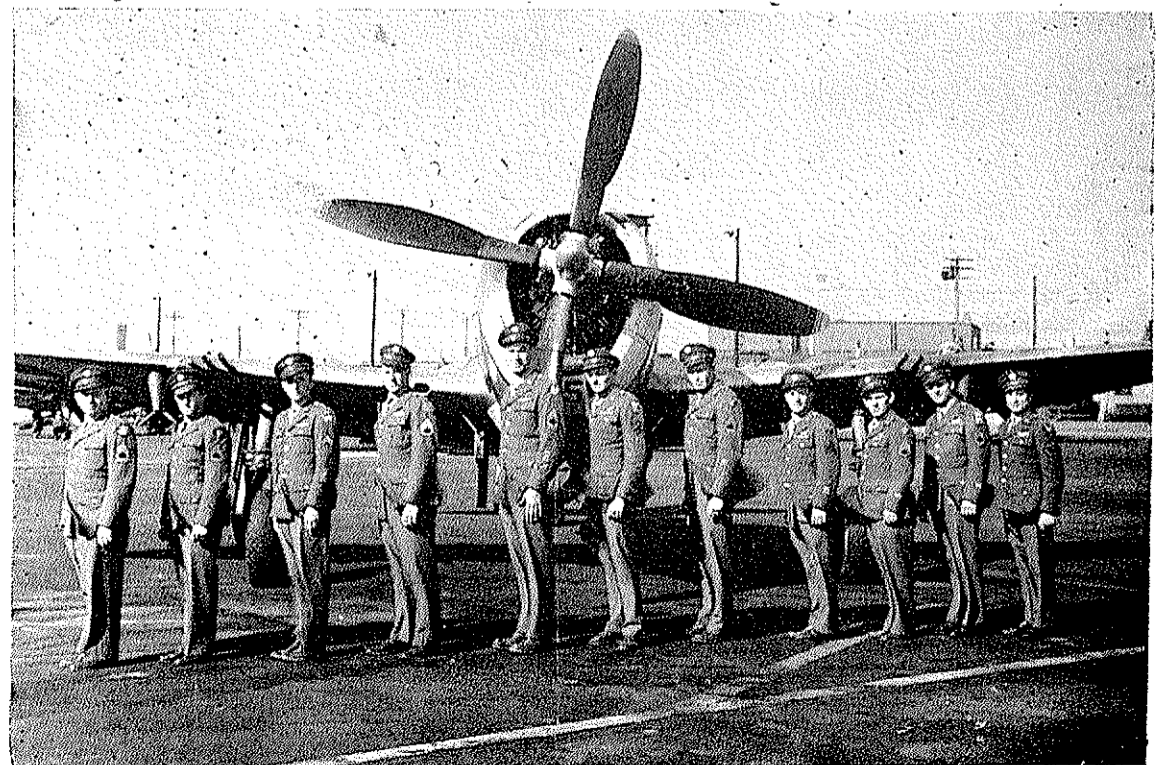
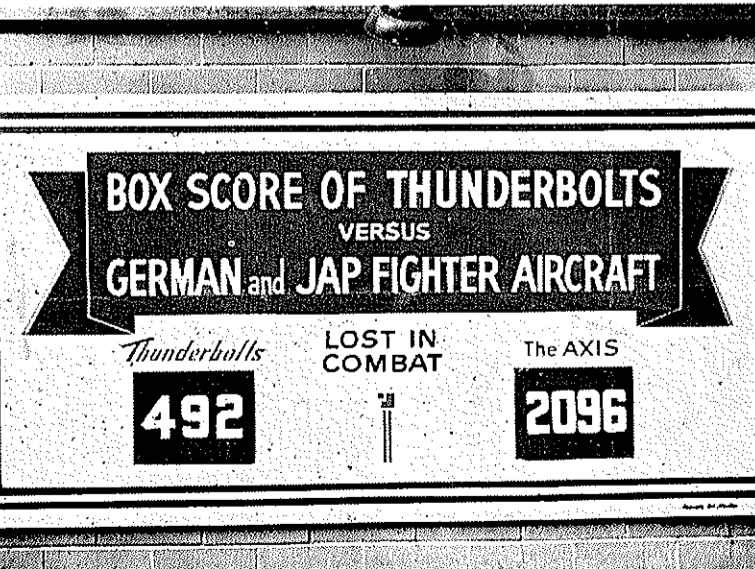
# FLASH BACKS



Tops in popularity was the (G)orgeous (I)nfant Contest sponsored here in the summer of 1944. Shown above are the winners. (Upper left to right): First Prize, Norreen Cremeen, aged five months; Second Prize, JJo H. Stanley, Jr.; Third Prize, Marjorie-Joy Nemarow, 13 months, and Honorable Mention, Kefton L. Haelder, Jr.



While a platoon of soldiers stand rigidly at attention, Brigadier General J. R. Hawkins, (left) awards Capt. Carl L. Beggs the First Fighter Command gunnery plaque, when the Millville Airbase pilot won the famed interbase trigger classic in October, '44.



From every corner of the earth battle-hardened airmen gathered here to teach fledglings the techniques of combat. Representing 11 far-flung airforces are (left to right): T/Sgt. A. DiCanie 5th AF; T/Sgt. J. Fabec, 6th AF; Cpl. B. Henning, 7th AF; S/Sgt. L. Wilcox, 8th AF; M/Sgt. P. Koysk, 9th AF; S/Sgt. L. Behout, 10th AF; T/Sgt. C. Stevens, 11th AF; Sgt. J. Brown, 12th AF; S/Sgt. J. Fitzpatrick, 13th AF; T/Sgt. J. Hollins, 14th AF; and T/Sgt. A. Liberate, 15th AF.

The payoff for the entire gunnery program was found in the statistical records of the Army Air Forces. Wherever Thunderbolts tangled with enemy aircraft the story was the same. The above facts speak loudly for themselves.